

Storm Country

Polly

by Grace Miller White

Illustrated by R.H. Livingstone

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CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

The snow was still falling quietly into the dark lake, and the squatter, with a throb at his heart, caught the thread of light at the edge of the window blind of his home. Then his Polly was still up.

"Cover your horses and wait here," directed Percival to the driver. Then to Hopkins he said: "As I told you, sir, your daughter's suffered frightfully. Poor girl, I am afraid, if you appeared without warning, the shock would be too much for her. Do as we agreed in town, and go to Bishop's shack until I come for you. I'll tell her you and the boy are home."

A long sigh slipped from the squatter's lips. He desired to rush in and hold his girl-brat to his overwrought heart. He had heard with suppressed emotion Robert's tale of his Polly's trials, and now as he recollected them, he could scarcely restrain himself. Yet he realized the young man was right, so, pulling the child's bowed legs around his neck, he faded stolidly into the falling snow.

Inside the hut Polly Hopkins was seated, tensely silent, her slender fingers clasped together about her knees. Suddenly she heard voices other than the low hum of MacKenzie's questions and Evelyn's sobbing answers in the coop-hole.

She arose slowly, ready to spring at Larry Bishop or Lye Braeger if they appeared at the door. To send them away instantly was the decision that she made as she saw the latch lift and the door slowly swing in. A figure she recognized with startled eyes stepped across the threshold; she sat down, but was up again before he spoke.

The man she had so longed to see had come again. But now he was here, she did not dare let him stay a moment. Marcus MacKenzie might come out of the coop-hole even before she could send the newcomer away. While he was pressing his great coat collar down over his shoulders, she tiptoed to him and with uplifted hand whispered:

"Hush! Go away! Go away quick!" Making a backward gesture, she added: "There's some one in the coop-hole I don't want you to see." His errand having completely left his mind, Robert, after a moment of startled inspection, stopped stiffly by the door. The resentment and jealousy he had nursed so long flared into active life and licked him like flames. Clothes such as she wore had never been paid for with squatter money! She was beautiful! So much his eyes told him, but he knew she was not honest!

She had said there was some one in the coop-hole. He fixed her with stern eyes and then shoved her aside.

"I'm going to see who he is," he snapped.

Polly's fingers caught him as he tried to pass her.

"No, you can't go in there," she cried. "Please don't do it."

The sound of their voices brought Marcus MacKenzie out into the kitchen in one stride. He halted at the sight of the squatter girl hanging desperately to Robert's arm. An exclamation broke from him; and with one wrench Percival was free and was at him.

"So it's you!" he said in a tone that told Polly Hopkins what was in his mind. "Damn you, you hypocrite!" His voice broke off, and he brushed his eyes across with shaking fingers. There behind Marcus in the coop-hole doorway was his pale cousin.

"Evelyn!" he gasped thickly. "God, what's this all about? Every one of you look as if—as if—"

Bewildered and overcome, he could not finish his sentence.

Marcus had caught Evelyn to him; and Polly, tearlessly ashamed, had sunk into the big chair to hide the fiery which she knew had brought the hurt into Robert's eyes. She wished she was clothed in daddy's boots and her own calico dress!

"Shut the door, Bob," Marcus ordered as calmly as he could.

Mechanically Robert did as he was bidden. When he turned again, Marcus was seated, with Evelyn clinging to him, and Polly's face was covered by one arm.

Evelyn began to cry weakly.

"Bob, dear," she broke out, looking up at her cousin with streaming eyes. "Polly's been so good to me."

"That sounded to Polly as if some one else were to be punished for the night's work."

"No, I ain't," she protested, lifting her head. "I was awful bad! I were the only one to blame. I hated every one of you. Let me tell all of you about it."

She began at the beginning and repeated how she had concocted the plan to steal Mrs. MacKenzie. She spoke of Larry and Lye as her two friends, but did not mention their names.

"I thought I could kill 'er, sir," she added, raising streaming eyes, "but—when daddy's coat fell down, an' the big mummy an' Granny Hope smiled at me, I quit hatin' you an' wantin' to kill your woman."

She struggled up and moving to the wall, leaned against "The Greatest Mother in the World" as if she, too, would add herself to the vast family of hurt ones.

Every one of her words was directed to MacKenzie.

"Then I'm to understand," he asked slowly, "that you deliberately took my wife away to kill her?"

"But she didn't, Marc," interjected Evelyn.

Marcus made a wide gesture with one arm.

"Hush, Eve," he muttered. "I want to hear what Miss Hopkins has to say."

"Yep, I took her," trailed on Polly, "an' I meant to croak her, too, an' throw 'er in the lake. Just to get even with you, sir."

"Then why didn't you do it?" demanded Marcus.

Polly threw a short glance at the other man, standing white and silent. She cleared her throat, and leaned only the harder against the wall.

"On a sudden," she continued, as if eager to finish her tale, "I somehow remembered everything Granny Hope learned me when she was in the shack here. She always said, mister, when you was devilish enough to snake a squatter from the Silent City—Polly paused and coughed, then proceeded in the dead silence: "Granny said you was the image and likeness of the good God up in the sky an' a brother to Jesus, the same as us squatters. But I said I didn't ever want to fly away to God if He looked like you!"

Leaving the wall she came forward and hurried on: "An' I meant it them times, an' much more after you railroaded my daddy and swiped Jerry away from me."

Marcus placed his wife in the chair and stood up. He started to speak to Polly; but Evelyn's cry caused him to turn swiftly. The drabness of her face startled him.

"Marc! Robert!" she said. "I can't go back home until I've told you something. No, Marc, don't stop me. I will talk. Now, listen! Oh, honey!" This appeal was to her husband who had laid his fingers on her shoulder. "Won't you hold my hand while I tell it?"

Much moved, Marcus did as she requested. His firm clasp seemed to encourage Evelyn, and she went on: "Darling, I've always been—dreadful to—to Polly Hopkins, and—and she's been an angel to me."

She was going to tell it all, ragged through Polly's mind. Was she going to bring to light her relations with the dead Oscar? Old Marc would never forgive it! Thinking more now of the baby coming next summer to the almost incoherent woman than of her own happiness, Polly made a movement as if to contradict the statement; but Evelyn's impetuous rush of words halted her.

"No, Polly, I'm going to put things right now, even if Marc leaves me tonight," she declared, clearing her throat. "Robert, dear boy, I lied to you. I lied to Polly and to you, Marcus. Oscar Bennett wasn't Polly's sweetheart at all. He—he was my husband!"

MacKenzie stiffened, but did not drop the cold fingers he held; and Evelyn wept bitterly, unable to go on. A horse whinnied outside; but in the shanty no sound could be heard save the hysterical sobbing of Evelyn.

It seemed to Robert as if he must shake from his cousin the rest of the dark story, so impatient was he to hear it.

"Then—then when you came, my—my beloved," Evelyn raised her tired eyes to her husband, "I tried to get rid of him. I did my best to get Polly Hopkins to promise she'd marry Oscar after he had freed me. I wanted to get him out of the country!"

Unwilling to spare herself the least humiliation, she ended in piteous confusion: "I was glad when I knew he was dead."

"Then how did he die?" came swiftly from MacKenzie.

"Oh, just as the doctor told you, Marc, dear," replied Evelyn. "He was struck by lightning and died from the shock. I was free then, and—and I made Polly swear over and over again she'd never tell any one! And—and I gave her the silk dress she wore that day in the Auburn car. I—I—lied about that, too. But, Marc, dear love, I knew you hated her and—"

Robert bounded to his feet as the girl's words trailed away into silence. Over MacKenzie's face were speeding so many different expressions that the searching brown eyes of Polly Hopkins could not tell whether he intended to forgive his unhappy wife or not.

But Percival did not wait to find out. He sprang to the door, jerked it open and closed it behind with a bang. In fact, he did not even see Evelyn slip quietly into a faint, or Marcus snatch her into his arms as if he never intended to let her go.

It was only Polly who heard the passionate love words that came from lips that had so often flung on the air her and her people. She watched Marcus dully, her heart aching and her muscles rigid with pain. Robert had not believed what Evelyn had said! He had gone away without a word to her! Of course, then, he did not love her any more!

Unnoticed by the MacKenzies, Polly Hopkins sat very quiet, while Evelyn, who had regained consciousness, was clinging to her husband's neck and listening to his assurances that she was forgiven. Then suddenly, through the low rumble of Marcus' voice and the sighs and sobs of Evelyn, Polly heard a shrill squatter call.

She rose slowly to her feet and stood rooted to the spot. The voice that had sounded was high, childish, like Wee Wee's.

"Jerry!"

With the superstition of her kind, Polly was overcome by a great fear. Jerry was dying alone in a place of strangers! His little spirit had called to her in the grief of its going! She cast a glance at the man and the woman. They were wholly enveloped in themselves and paid no attention to the plaintive call that broke from her lips. She struggled to the door and opened it, and there—right before her startled eyes—was Daddy Hopkins, with Jerry astraddle his neck.

"Daddy!" came in one bewildered cry from her shaking lips.

Then they faded from her vision, and the brown eyes yielded to semi-consciousness, and semi-consciousness was lost in complete oblivion.

When Polly Hopkins again lifted her lids, she was surrounded by a group of people whom at first she did not recognize. Then Daddy Hopkins detached himself from the rest. He was seated very near her. That was Alice, indeed! she thought dimly. She must have dreamed that Old Marc had sent him to prison. Wee Jerry was cuddled at her side. Then he, too, had never gone away!

What brought full remembrance to her was the sight of Larry Bishop leaning against the wall at the foot of the bed. He was looking at her with tear-filled eyes, his cracked lips working painfully.

"Larry," she cried, struggling up. It was Marcus MacKenzie that shoved himself in beside Jeremiah and bent over her.

"Larry didn't do it, Daddy! I did," she pleaded. "Please, Mr. MacKenzie, please, believe me!"

She crawled wearily into Jeremiah's arms and hugged his bushy head.

"Oh, Daddy Hopkins, I got to go—to jail, I been—a wicked—bad—"

She was straining so to finish that Robert Percival was no longer able to keep quiet. He stepped forward so that Polly saw him over Daddy's shoulder. She glared at him wildly.

"Tell 'em—oh—tell 'em," she shuddered.

The tears in his eyes softened her expression.

"It's like you to feel sorry for me, sir," she winced. "An' gettin' Daddy an' Wee Jerry back is like you, too. Every day I'm in jail I'll be prayin' for you."

She was in the big squatter's outstretched arms in a twinkling, weeping against his breast.

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work," MacKenzie told her. "Does that please you?"

"Awful much," she sighed; then she turned and looked at Bishop, standing against the wall.

"What about Larry?" she murmured softly. "Poor, poor Larry."

"I'll help him, too," Marcus agreed eagerly.

Polly cogitated one small moment. "There's Lye Braeger," she sighed again. "He ain't got many friends. Lye ain't!"

MacKenzie's laugh sent a sense of relief over the gloomy group.

"Then Lye Braeger, too," he exclaimed, "and any other squatter who wants to work."

Polly, overwhelmed with this generosity, stood up before him, curls showering each shoulder and framing her lovely, eager face.

"I guess maybe you were an angel all the time, like Granny Hope said once," she said shyly. "I'm thankful you, sir, an' I—I'm hopin' the little one God's seedlin' in the summer'll look just like—like"—a smile touched her lips—"just like Jerry," she ended.

Because she was so simply natural, MacKenzie replied solemnly:

"If my child looks as much like me as Jerry looks like his father, I'll be satisfied."

Then he hurried his wife away, offering to carry Robert home with them.

"No, sir," said that young man stoutly. "I've got to talk to Polly Hopkins."

"I'm goin' now, too," grunted Larry Bishop. "Got to go an' see Lye Braeger. He's sick in bed with a stomach ache. Good night, Polly! See you tomorrow, Jerry Hopkins."

He made a gesture of farewell to Robert and Polly went to the door with him. There she brought a way, twitching smile to his lips by throwing her arms about his neck and kissing him.

"It's all right now, Larry, dear!" she whispered. "Good-by."

When she turned slowly to Robert, her face was suffused with crimson blood.

"Ain't your horses gettin' cold, sir?" she queried. "It's worse outside than when you came!"

Jeremiah blinked at them, went to the cot and picked up the drowsy baby. To hide his embarrassment, he seated himself and rocked the child back and forth. He was almost afraid of his faithful daughter, dressed so unlike herself, her hair hanging in glistering curls over Evelyn Robertson's exquisite clothes.

"The horses are well covered, Polly," answered Robert. "I'll make it worth the driver's while to wait a bit."

Then unable to bear the strain any longer, he burst out:

"Darling, can you ever forgive me?"

She gave him one melting glance and like a fluttering bird sped into his arms and stayed there. And thus the two young things, with nothing between them and long stretches of happiness, clung to each other until the twinkling of the MacKenzie sleigh bells was lost in the night.

Then the squatter girl, disengaging herself from her sweetheart's arms, went to her father.

"Middy," she breathed, bending over him, "ever since I mended the roof that day—the same day Old Marc came home, I've been lovin'—"

she reached back her hand, and Robert clasped it. "I've been lovin'—"

Choking, she could get no farther in that important explanation.

Robert stepped beside her, and rested his hand on the down-bent head. He knew now that though she was a squatter, one of the despised of the earth, he loved her better than the whole world.

"It's just like Granny Hope said, Daddy," Polly went on, the velvety brown softening the misty eyes. "She said, Granny Hope did, that love's bigger an' better'n hate any day. An' it's true, ain't it?"

"Yep," nodded Hopkins, smoothing her face with one great hand. "I guess so, brat."

"It sure is," added Robert in her ear.

Then he looked at Jeremiah.

"May I have her some day, sir?" he asked in reverent tones. "I'll make her so happy you won't regret it."

Jeremiah's big frame shook, and Polly, ever devoted to him, kissed him tenderly.

"I'll never leave you, Daddy, darling, precious old Daddy," she cried. "Mebbe—"

She looked up at the tall man standing by her. "Mebbe," she repeated, "you'd take Jerry an' Daddy too, huh? They're awful good an' never get in anybody's way."

"And Jerry and your mother too, my darling," laughed Robert, in an outburst of happiness. "I can have your little girl, Mr. Hopkins, can't I?"

"Yep," whispered Jeremiah, sighing heavily.

Then while Robert was bidding Polly good-night, Jeremiah, with a faraway look upon his face, gathered the bow-legged child closer to him and rocked him gently to and fro.

[THE END.]

immense work it was compared with the accurate to the last dot, even though Mendelssohn had made it from memory. Why did not Mendelssohn write other famous marches? He wrote others, but none quite so good as the wedding march. His "March of the High Priests" from "Athalia" is built upon the same formal lines and is an altogether beautiful work in classical march form.

Domestic Difficulties. Kriss—Why don't you get your wife to sew that button on your coat? Kross—She is too busy. She is working on four picture puzzles, reading two continued stories, and following up five serial pictures in the movies.—From Judge.

When a bachelor meets a widow a little lovemaking is a dangerous thing. It was along about 1860 that "you're another" superseded the duel.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
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LESSON FOR JUNE 18

THE DOWNFALL OF JUDAH

LESSON TEXT—II Kings 24:1-21.
GOLDEN TEXT—But he deceived: God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.—Gal. 6:7.
REFERENCE MATERIAL—Deut. 28:15-19; 35; 36; 37; II Chron. 36:11-23; Luke 19:41-44.

PRIMARY TOPIC—God Punishing Disobedient People.
JUNIOR TOPIC—The Capture of Jerusalem.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—A Nation That Disobeyed God.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Results of National Disobedience to God.

Zedekiah was made king of Judah by the king of Babylon (24:17), but in spite of this kindness and the word of the Lord spoken to him by Jeremiah (Jer. 38:17, 18; cf. Jer. 52:3), he rebelled against the king of Babylon. He relied upon the help of Egypt, but that Egypt could do was to cause temporary interruption of the siege of Jerusalem.

1. The Siege of Jerusalem (vv. 1-3). 1. Time of (vv. 1, 2). It began on the tenth day of the tenth month of the ninth year of Zedekiah's reign and lasted about eighteen months. The tenth month according to the Jewish calendar corresponds to our December-January, as their calendar year began about the middle of March. The reason the exact time is given is that this was to be an event of great importance to the Jews in their exile.

2. The Method (v. 1). Nebuchadnezzar came in person with a large army and encamped against Jerusalem and built forts against it round about. It is thought that siege walls were built around the city, shutting it in. On the tops of these walls forts were built from which missiles of destruction could be hurled by their engines of war against the city. With the city shut in its fall was only a question of time.

3. The Famine (v. 3). God's says: "It was speedily followed, as is always the case, with an outbreak of pestilence. Food was well-nigh gone. There had long been no bread. Mothers were at last driven to murder and eat their children. The richest citizens wandering about 'searching for scraps in the dunghills.' Even outside the city the people were starving."

4. Zedekiah's Flight and Fate (vv. 4-7). 1. "The City was Broken Up" (v. 4). The Chaldeans had succeeded in making an opening in the wall so large that they could make their way into the city in spite of all that the Hebrews could do. Resistance was carried on to the bitter end.

2. Zedekiah's Flight (v. 4). The king with his men of war fled by night toward the plain. His object, no doubt, was to cross the Jordan at Jericho and hide in the mountains east of Jordan.

3. Zedekiah's Fate (vv. 5-7). (1) He was overtaken in the plains of Jericho (v. 5). When his flight was discovered the Chaldean army pursued and captured him. (2) He was brought to the king of Babylon at Riblah (v. 6). Riblah was a town north of Damascus. It was the king's headquarters from which he directed his armies against Tyre and Jerusalem. Before Nebuchadnezzar, Zedekiah was tried as a criminal. (3) His fate (v. 7). His sons were slain in his sight; his eyes were put out; he was bound with fetters of brass; and he carried him to Babylon where he remained prisoner until the day of his death (Jer. 52:11).

4. Jerusalem Destroyed (vv. 8-10). The dismantling of the city was delayed a month, perhaps awaiting instructions from Nebuchadnezzar, who was at Riblah.

1. They Burnt the House of the Lord (v. 9). This was the sacred temple built by Solomon with additions and modifications. Before burning it they plundered it of all its sacred contents.

2. Burnt the King's House (v. 9). This was doubtless the palace built by Solomon.

3. Burnt All the Houses of Jerusalem (v. 9). The implication is that the common houses were left for the people (v. 12).

4. They Broke Down the Walls of Jerusalem. The aim was to render the walls useless as a means of defense.

5. The Disposition of the People (vv. 11, 12).

1. Carried Them into Captivity (v. 11). The people who were left in the city and those who had deserted to the Babylonians were carried to Babylon; all such as would be of use in Babylon.

2. The Poorest of the Land Were Left (v. 12). The people who would not likely make any trouble were left as vine-dressers and husbandmen. Doubtless they were looking forward to colonization by foreign peoples. The object in leaving these people was that the country might be ready for their coming. Over these people Gedaliah was appointed as governor, with headquarters at Mizpah.

3. Wasting Time. Let us make up our minds to throw away no more time, nor any more weaken our spiritual strength, by vain indulgences, but to govern our bodily appetites by this one rule, that we take what is most simple and wholesome, not what pleases us best; we shall find more help in this than we can well imagine beforehand, when we come to severer and bitterer trials.—John Keble.

4. Lenity. Lenity will operate with greater force in some instances than vigor: it is therefore my first wish to have all my conduct distinguished by it.—Washington.

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Why Pay
More
For Any
Dye?

Cutting Off the Last Word.

Archaeologists have recently been puzzled over the finding of the headless body of an Egyptian princess in an ancient tomb. It seems that the question as to how the lady lost her head is important in archeological circles.

In certain Oriental countries it is customary for the head of the house, in the event of a domestic argument, to behead the lady, thus cutting the lady as well as the argument short. Doubtless, the last words that issued from the lips of the headless princess were: "Where have you been?"—Judge.

Proof.

"Hubby, do you love me?"
"Of course."
"How much do you love me?"
"Well, here's my check book. You can glance over the stubs."—Judge.

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DAIRY HINTS

SECRETS OF DAIRY SUCCESS

Two Big Things Are Proper Care and Feed, Says Specialist of Oklahoma College.

"Two great secrets in dairying which have been the reason for the success of thousands of dairymen are proper feeding of cows and proper care of cows," says A. C. Baer, head of the Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical college.

"Thousands of cows would be profitable and good cows if they were given a chance; if they were properly fed, housed, and cared for.

"Good feeding means to give cows enough feed to produce milk and the right kind of feed to produce milk. Most of the feed for cows ought to be grown on Oklahoma farms. Alfalfa hay is the best dairy cow feed which can be grown. Corn and sorghums, such as kafir and darso, can be grown for the silo. Ensilage on a dairy farm or any farm where dairy cows are kept provides succulent feed and is indispensable.

"Most of the grain for cow feeding can be grown on the average Oklahoma farm. A good grain mixture for milk cows is as follows: 4 parts ground oats, 3 parts bran or alfalfa meal, 3 parts ground kafir, 1 part cottonseed meal.

"A dairy cow needs about one pound of grain for three or four pounds of milk produced. Dairy cows should be fed grain individually according to the amount of milk for growth if immature, and at times to produce gain in weight.

"Dairy cattle will respond to good care. Every Oklahoma farm where cows are kept should have at least a good shed to protect the cows from bad weather and cold winds. A blanket in very cold weather will pay for itself in a very short time. Every dairy cow should be cleaned and brushed regularly. It helps to keep her in better health."

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High-Producing Animals Are Usually Most Economical in Matter of Food Consumed.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

High-producing dairy cows are nearly always economical producers, says the United States Department of Agriculture in replying to an inquirer who asked for a comparison of purebred and grade cows as to economy of production. If a herd of purebred cows has greater ability to produce milk and butter fat than a herd of grades, it will return more milk and butter fat for the feed consumed. As a rule purebreds are bred for high production, and just to the extent that they are



Scrub Cows Are Not Worth Their Keep.

higher producers than the grades they may be expected to return more for the feed they use. But purebreds are not always high producers.

The ratio is not constant between the quantity of feed consumed and the quantity of milk produced. The records of cow-testing associations show that the cows that produced 10,000 pounds of milk a year ate only 55 per cent more feed than those that produced 5,000 pounds of milk a year. The cows that made 7,500 pounds of milk a year ate only 21 per cent more than those that made 5,000 pounds of milk a year. These figures are based on thousands of records.

GRAIN BOOSTED MILK FLOW

Large Increase Obtained by Minnesota Community by Feeding While on Pasture.

Twenty-one dairy herds in the Blue Earth County Cow Testing association averaged 7,120 pounds of milk and 285 pounds of butterfat per cow in 1920. Nineteen herds in the same association averaged 8,500 pounds of milk and 345 pounds of butterfat per cow in 1921. The percentage of gain in milk in 1921 over 1920 was 19.3; in butterfat, 21. The tester in charge in his annual report to University farm says:

"I attribute this gain to better care and feeding. The cows were fed a grain ration the year round, thus keeping up the production during the late summer months when it usually drops because of short pastures."

Value of Boarder Cow.

Saving \$55 or \$80 worth of feed for a boarder cow added to what she'll bring as dressed meat means maybe a hundred dollars in the pocket, which isn't a bad price for a cow that's no good anyhow.

Get Cow Into Shape.

In order to get the cow into the best physical shape for the calving time, it is advisable to feed her some linseed oil, a quart of the raw product per dose, as this will clean out her digestive tract.

Determine Boarder Cow.

The "boarder" in the herd can only be determined by the use of the weight scales and the Babcock butterfat test.

Choose Between Milk and Flies.

Take your choice between flies and milk; the energy a cow uses when badly bothered with flies can't go into milk production.

Raise Record Breakers.

Use purebred sires and raise record breakers.

GOOD ROADS

MAKE TESTS ON BATES ROAD

Has 63 Different Sections and Represents That Many Kinds of Construction.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Final series of tests on one of the largest and most comprehensive road experiments ever attempted began March 27. This road, located at Bates, Illinois, was designed and constructed by the Illinois division of highways under the direction of Clifford Older, chief highway engineer, with the bureau of public roads, United States Department of Agriculture co-operating. It is two miles long and includes 63 different sections representing many different methods and kinds of construction, having various thicknesses of concrete, cement grout and asphalt-filled brick as well as asphalt concrete and concrete with rolled stone bases.

Since the completion of its construction in April, 1921, a corps of engineers has been kept busy making observations for effect of temperature changes, static and repeated loads and sub-grade conditions, thus collecting data which when analyzed will supplement the information necessary for the rational design of roads.

The road will now be subjected to the final test, that of very heavy truck traffic, for the application of which will be used a fleet of 10 motor trucks received by the state from the surplus of the War department. At first these trucks will be lightly loaded, but as the test progresses the load will be increased until a maximum is reached giving a 12,000-pound rear wheel load. The results will show definitely the types of pavements which can be expected to support



Building a Section of Bates Road.

heavy traffic, as well as those which will not satisfy the requirements of such traffic conditions as might be expected during the next 10 or 20 years.

The careful observation of the various sections in the absence of traffic which has formed the first part of the investigation, it is expected, will enable the engineers to ascertain the structural weaknesses which cause such failures as may take place in the traffic tests.

After the experiment has been completed, this road with its broken sections replaced will form a part of Illinois federal aid project No. 13 from Springfield, Illinois, to St. Louis, Missouri.

The test will be carried on under the direction of Clifford Older, with H. E. Cram in direct charge, and the experimental work and R. B. Benedict in charge of the trucks and maintenance. The bureau of public roads will be represented by A. T. Goldbeck and C. A. Hogentogler.

ROADS PAY DIVIDENDS

A wagon with a load of 3,000 pounds required an average draft of 108 pounds on a gravel road in dry condition, in a recent test at the Missouri College of Agriculture. The same load on a dry clay road required a draft of 321 pounds. This shows the great variation in the work done in hauling and in the size of load a team can handle, says J. C. Wooley, chairman of the agricultural engineering department, which conducted this test. The gravel roads prove their value even more completely under spring conditions. This load on the same roads after a heavy rain required a draft of 180 pounds on the gravel, and 372 pounds on the clay. This is only one of the many advantages offered by all-the-year roads.

Unnecessary Practice.

Oiling a concrete road or any properly surfaced highway is not only a nuisance to the public, but is a lamentable waste of a natural resource, says H. H. Franklin, who claims that the oiling system, a hold-over from the experimental days, is no longer necessary and should be abandoned.

Towers to Control Traffic.

Towers, erected in the middle of streets and highways for the control of traffic, were first operated in Paris in 1910.

Travel in California.

Of the vehicle traffic on the highways in California 97.3 per cent is motor propelled. Motor trucks constitute nearly 13 per cent of the total traffic.

Cost of "Ridge Route."

A thirty-mile concrete highway in California known as the "Ridge Route," cost \$1,500,000.

Keep Folks Apart.

Bad roads and bad tempers both keep folks apart.

COULD NOT HIT A LICK FOR MONTHS

Petersburg Resident Says She Had About Lost Hope of Getting Better—Now Well and Happy.

"Tanlac has been such a blessing to me I can't help singing its praises," said Mrs. T. J. Archer, highly esteemed resident of 1147 Shepard St., Petersburg, Va.

"I had indigestion so bad I couldn't eat a thing without being in misery for hours, and the pain around my heart caused by the gas seemed all I could stand. I constantly had headaches and awful spells of dizziness. Then to make matters worse rheumatism in my arms, shoulders and knees almost drove me to distraction, and for three months I couldn't do a stroke of work.

"I had just about decided it was no use to take any more medicine when my husband brought me a bottle of Tanlac. Now I never have a touch of indigestion. Headaches and dizzy spells are a thing of the past, and rheumatism has left me entirely. I never have known a medicine to equal Tanlac."

Tanlac is sold by all good druggists.

What Figures Are For.

"What good are the figures set down in these railway time tables?" asked the sarcastic and angry would-be passenger.

"Why," explained the genial station master, "if it weren't for them figures we'd have no way of finding out how late the trains are."

SAVE SHOES AND STOCKINGS

They will last twice as long if you shake into your shoes ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, the powder for the feet. It takes the friction from the shoe and gives quick relief to Corns, Bunions, Callouses, sore, aching, swollen, tender feet. Shake Allen's Foot-Ease into your shoes and enjoy the bliss of feet without an ache.—Advertisement.

TIME HAD BROUGHT CHANGES

Aunt Jane Not Now Quite as Considerate as She Had Been in the Courtship Days.

In the days when Uncle Joe and Aunt Jane were courting they sat in the garden one night under a summer moon, silent and adoring.

"Joe, dear," suddenly said Aunt Jane at last, "I want to ask you something."

"Ask me anything, darling."

"Something is tickling my neck," she whispered. "If I let go one of your hands to drive it away would you mind very much?"

Their home is now noted for its extreme neatness, and Uncle Joe has been thoroughly trained to keep it neat; how thoroughly is shown by the fact that on a recent afternoon he went into the kitchen to get a drink. For a moment Uncle Joe stood before the sink, gazing at the shining faucets. "Guess you've just washed up the sink, ain't you?" he inquired at last.

"Yes, I have," she replied. "Why?"

"Well," exclaimed Uncle Joe with a slight sigh, "I did think I'd relish a drink of water, but I guess I can get along without it."—Los Angeles Times.

"Willing to Pay."

Two colored ball teams were assembled and were about to start their game, but discovered one of their fielders missing. Their captain asked for someone from the crowd to fill the fielder's place. A tall gent said he had some experience, so they put him in the game. Everything went all right till it came his turn at bat. After the newcomer had swung at two pitched balls he connected with the next one and it went soaring over the fence. The crowd all began to yell "Run! Run!" But he didn't get it, and turning to the crowd he shouted: "Run nothing. I'll buy them another bat."

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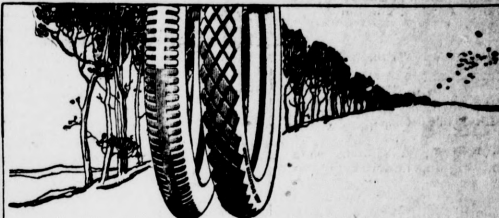
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EACH IS A GENUINE GOODYEAR



Each of the two tires illustrated above is a genuine Goodyear through and through.

One is the famous reliable 30 x 3 1/2 inch Goodyear All-Weather Tread Clincher.

Its companion is the popular 30 x 3 1/2 inch Goodyear Cross Rib.

The Goodyear Cross Rib is built of the same high grade Egyptian cotton fabric that goes into the All-Weather Tread Goodyear.

It has a long-wearing but differently designed tread, and sells for less money.

More than 5,000,000 of these tires have been sold in the last five years.

Their fine performance has demonstrated the folly of buying unknown and unguaranteed tires of lower price.

Ask your Goodyear Service Station Dealer about their advantages.

GOOD YEAR

EXAMPLES OF REAL OPTIMISM

Only Fair to State, However, That They Are Not Actual Happenings of Record.

"Fire?" Fiddlesticks, young man. The booklet says this hotel is absolutely fireproof. Go away and let me sleep."

"What's this—from the income tax bureau? Good! They probably are sending me a refund."

"I don't seem to be able to get central. Mary, but I'm sure those burglars won't be through in the cellar for some time yet."

"It's a good thing Jack has gone over to Gloria. He'll appreciate me all the more after he tires of her."

"Lots of time, George, dear. Just try again and give her a little more gas. That train will stop rather than hit us."

"I feel I'm going to lose my petticoat before another block, but I'll probably look snappier without it."

"Ten years in Sing Sing? Thank you, judge. I've always wanted to wear a light suit, but I never had the courage."

"Triplets? Hot dog! That just completes the children's baseball nine!"—Life.

Tin Can.

An old lady was crossing the street the other day. A dog ran into her with such force that it knocked her down. Just then a light auto ran over her. A gentleman witnessing the accident came to her assistance. He said: "Lady, did that dog hurt you?"

She looked at him a little dazed and replied: "No, the dog didn't hurt me, it was the tin can tied to its tail."

Clever Boy.

Mother—"You should learn to make things go as far as possible." Johnny—"Should I stretch the truth, ma?"

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